SANITAS,

Daughter of ÆSCULAPIUS.

To DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

A POEM.

If from the Orient wing'd my flight
Conducted by a beam of light.—

And lo! I come in all my charms,
O! GARRICK take me to thy Arms.

LONDON,

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M DCC LXXII.

MUSEUM BRITANNICUM

POEMS

SATIRES.

To DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

Dangerfield of HASCULAPIUS.

THE following poem was ſent to Mr. Garrick in his late illneſs, with the impreſſion of Sanitas, or Hygeia, goddeſs of health, prefixed to it.

The polite reception he was pleaſed to give it, has ſo far excited the author's vanity, that he now ſubmits it to the inſpection of the public; and he flatters himſelf he ſhall, in ſome degree, conciliate their eſteem, in ſending health to a gentleman, who, by his perſonal exhibitions, his literary productions and his cloſe attention to the morality of the ſtage, has ſo long and ſo judiciouſly blended the moſt liberal inſtruction with the moſt exquiſite entertainment.

ARGUMENT.

SANITAS, or Hygeia, daughter of Æsculapius, persents herself before Apollo, (who is fabled by the poets to preside over health, music, and poetry) to receive his commands relative to the prayers of mortals, which constantly ascend to him.

The Tragic and Comic Muse appear as suppliants, in behalf of their favorite.

Sanitas is, in consequence of their request, sent to restore him to health, and relates the petitions of the morning.

ERRATA.

In the ARGUMENT, line 1, for *persents* read *presents.*

Page 3, line 4, of the POEM, for *cram'd* read *cramm'd.*

P. 5, last line, for *presumptious* read *presumptuous.*

P. 8, l. 10, for *rob'd* read *robb'd.*

P. 17, l. 4, for *ancedote* read *anecdote.*

P. 23, last line, for *Melpomone* read *Melpomene.*

P. 26, l. 5, for *strip'd* read *stripp'd.*

P. 31, l. 2 from the bottom, for *sun's* read *suns.*

SANITAS,

Daughter of ÆSCULAPIUS.

To DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

EACH morn before Apollo's light,
Diſpels the gloomy ſhades of night;
While ſlumbering yet intemperance lies,
Refreſh'd with balmy ſleep, I riſe;
And blooming, in his preſence ſtand,
Obedient to his high command.

As god of health and nature's friend,

To him continual prayers aſcend;

As god of muſic, wit, and rhyme,
To him petitions ſwiftly climb,

For every puny bardling prays,
Like Whitehead, to deſerve the bays;

Each wretched minſtrel fain would learn,
To reach the excellence of Arne;

And every fool would fain enjoy,
That health, he labour'd to deſtroy.

Theſe, while the buſy HOURS prepare
Apollo's ſteeds, with duteous care,

He hears, each pray'r, with reaſon fraught,
Is kindly granted quick as thought;

The vain and idle are diſmiſt,
Conſign'd to ſhame on folly's liſt.

This

This morn the glutton's prayer came firſt,
Cram'd to the throat, and like to burſt;
Beneath his load he wallowing lay,
And, nearly choak'd, was *forc'd* to pray.
" Still let him wallow like a beaſt,
" A warning to each city feaſt,"
Contemptuouſly the godhead cry'd,
And juſtly turn'd the prayer aſide.

The glutton's bus'neſs quickly ended,
In frequent hickups next aſcended;
Contaminating all the air;
The drunkard's incoherent pray'r.
He, join'd with many a jolly ſoul,
Had long been quaffing off the bowl,

And

And now was ſtagg'ring home to bed,
With ſtomach ſick, and aching head.

When thus the God: "How long will man
" Purſue this vile debaſing plan?
" How long will hot intemp'rance guide,
" Where ſacred Reaſon ſhould preſide?
" Say what avails, that nature gave
" Each other creature for his ſlave,
" If he will thus abſurdly fall,
" Below the meaneſt of them all?
" Let him to bed, ere yet my light
" Lays bare his folly to the ſight:
" Nor from his pillow riſe again,
" Till Reaſon has reſum'd her reign."

Next from NARCISSUS firſt of Beaux,
This ardent ſupplication roſe;

" To night Cornelly's magic fane,
" Where pleaſure leads her ſmiling train,
" Will more than emulate the day,
" Illum'd by beauty's dazling ray;
" There ſweet Camilla hath agreed,
" With me the ſprightly dance to lead:
" Her ſpouſe purſues ſome other fair,
" And leaves her ſolely to my care;
" But I, unleſs thou interpoſe,
" And give me health, the prize muſt loſe:
" Let me not then in vain obteſt,
" But hear, and grant me my requeſt.

" Presumptuous fool, to lift his eyes
" To me, who every Beau despise;
" Dares he avow his guilty flame,
" And boldly my protection claim?

" Never, till heart-felt penitence
" Atonement makes for this offence,
" Shall health revisit his abode,
" Exclaim'd aloud the angry god.

" But, though Camilla be exempt
" To night, from his conceiv'd attempt,
" Perhaps to-morrow she may fall
" A victim, at some other ball.

For,

" For, when the huſband, baſely led,
" To violate the marriage bed,
" Neglects his wife, and every hour,
" Betrays her to ſome villain's power,
" He, ſoon or late, may know the ſmart,
" Of keen retaliation's dart.

" Not but there are, their ſexes pride,
" With ſouls to rectitude allied,
" Who feel of ſlighted love the pain,
" And yet immaculate remain.

" But theſe, deſpiſe the flattering tongue,
" Theſe, ſhun the diſſipated throng;
" Theſe, ne'er emit the amorous glance,
" Ne'er court ſeduction in the dance,

" Nor ever by experience know,

" The midnight orgies of Soho."

Deſcended in the vale of years,

Worn out with jealouſy and fears;

Aſham'd of his adopted plan,

A wretched huſband thus began:

" Struck by Maria's blooming charms,

" I ſought, and lur'd her to my arms;

" And though the envious hand of time,

" Had rob'd me of my manly prime;

" By *jointure, jewels, coach and ſix,*

" I hop'd, her youthful heart to fix:

" Vain hope, for now alas I find,

" Who would the heart of woman bind,

Muſt

" Muſt more than theſe beſtow" but here
A hectic roſe, and ſtopp'd the prayer.

" What, ſaid the god, he means to aſk,
" To gueſs is not an arduous taſk;
" But, lack of power attends threeſcore,
" And youth once paſt returns no more.

" No more the ſtream purſues it's courſe,
" If once divided from it's ſource;
" Nor fruitfulneſs it's banks adorn,
" Left by the limpid wave forlorn.

" No more his heart the purple tide,
" Shall roll along in genial pride,

" Nor ſwell his veins with manly fire,
" To give, and gratify deſire.

" What can the doating fool expect,
" But cold indifference and neglect;
" Who when his head is white with age,
" In marriage dares with youth engage?

" Say, ſhould the ſeaſons thus combine,
" Should winter with gay ſummer join,
" Would not the black ungenial ſtorm,
" The luſtre of the day deform?"

Scarce had his words expanſion found,
When, in a hollow trembling ſound,

The

The poor debilitated rake,
Requeſted health, for pity's ſake:

" The days on earth aſſign'd to man,
" Said he, are meaſur'd with a ſpan;
" Yet I, ere half thoſe days are paſt,
" Perceive, by ſwift decay, my laſt,
" If I look forward, I behold
" The grave it's dark receſs unfold;
" If backward turn, before my eyes
" A train of images ariſe,
" Expreſſive of my paſt miſdeeds,
" At which my wounded conſcience bleeds:

" The proſpect fills my ſoul with fears!
" Dreadful the retroſpect appears!

O give

" O give me health! my life ſhall hence
" Obliterate each paſt offence.

" 'Tis thus the rake, impell'd by fear
" Prays when his diſſolution's near:
" The light-emitting Being, ſaid,
" And ſhook indignantly his head,

" Yet, as for ever I intend,
" To prove myſelf to man a friend,
" My influence ſhall be us'd to ſave
" This ſinking ſuppliant from the grave.

" Do thou, my Sanitas, to day,
" As o'er the earth thou wing'ſt thy way,

Call

" Call on Pitcairn, him I create
" My ever faithful delegate:

" Bid him, from med'cines balmy ſtore,
" Collect each ſalutary pow'r,
" Which let him, with nice judgement, give,
" So ſhall he renovated live.

" But, when his languid eyes acquire
" Their native health-confeſſing fire;
" If when his voice, now ſcarcely known,
" Aſſumes it's once harmonic tone,
" If when his flaccid nerves are brac'd,
" And all his faculties replac'd,
" Then if he ſhould (by Styx I ſwear)
" Forget my kindneſs and his pray'r,

" Quick ſhall he mingle with the dead,
" His guilt and folly on his head.

And now in ſoft Italian airs,
Aroſe three public ſingers prayers;
In trembling trills and dying graces,
Loud ſqualls, and ſhakes in different places;
For fame alternately they pray,
And fritter half the notes away.

" O ceaſe your ſqualling, ſays the god,
" You merit, and ſhall feel, the rod.
" Long hath the ſcience been diſgrac'd,
" By your impertinence of taſte;
" Give me the full melodious note,
" All ſwelling from the manly throat;

" Such

" Such as with rapture I have heard,
" A thouſand times, from Lowe and Beard;
" And ſuch as ſtill much pleaſure brings,
" When Reinhold, or when Vernon ſings;
" Nor longer thus my ears confound,
" With neither male nor female found."

Quite angry grown, he ſpoke ſo loud,
His voice deſcending on a cloud,
Tenducci heard, and fled for fear,
The others lingering in the rear,
Kneel'd, pale and trembling for their fate,
To deprecate Apollo's hate.

Next came a prayer, array'd in rhyme,
Half Hudibraſtic, half ſublime,

From

From many a different author ſtole,
And this the ſubſtance of the whole:

" Thy vot'ry teach, great God of day!
" Like CUMBERLAND, to write a play:
" Like BICKERSTAFF, my ſoul inſpire,
" To ſtrike the *operatic* lyre!
" In borrow'd ſentiment and ſtyle,
" Teach me, like M——y, to compile;
" Teach me, without a bluſh, like him,
" The cream of every bard to ſkim;
" To ſteal from each a ſprig of bays,
" And boldly arrogate their praiſe.
" But, if too flattering to my pride,
" Theſe wondrous bleſſings are deny'd,

" O let

" O let me frequently appear,
" In Public, or in Gazeteer;
" Either in epigrammic fun,
" In eſſay, ancedote, or pun,
" As thou ſhalt deem, O pow'r divine,
" My genius fitted moſt to ſhine."

" Theſe blockheads plague me more, he cry'd,
" Than all the race of man beſide:
" Is it not ſtrange the human mind,
" Should ſeek what Nature ne'er deſign'd?
" As well the bramble, when it blows,
" May hope to emulate the roſe;
" As well the eye to ſee forbid,
" Conceive the charms by darkneſs hid,

" As dulneſs e'er can hope to claim,
" The wreath of literary fame.

" The flow'r muſt in the teeming earth,
" From Nature's hand derive it's birth,
" Before my animating ray,
" Can ſpread it's foliage to the day.

Belinda's ſupplication next,
At once the God ſurpriz'd and vex'd!
Much ſhe complain'd of faded cheek,
Of pallid lips, and ſpirits weak;
Yet hop'd, by his all-healing art,
To hold her empire o'er the heart.

To me Apollo turn'd, and ſaid,

" Tell her, thou little roſy maid,

" Would ſhe, like thee, be good and wiſe,

" Go ſoon to bed, and early riſe,

" Like thine her lip and cheek ſhould glow,

" Her ſpirits regularly flow.

" But while ſhe wantonly parades

" At Coterie and Maſquerades;

" While cards diſturb her gentle breaſt,

" When ſleep ſhould give to nature reſt,

" Deſpondency her ſoul ſhall pain,

" The faded lip and cheek remain;

" And foes to beauty, foes to love,

" Perpetual torments to her prove.

" Should

" Should ſhe incautiouſly reply,

" To cheat this tyrant of the ſky,

" Although of Nature's bloom bereft,

" I've ſtill a ſuccedaneum left;

" Enlivening rouge ſhall raiſe my charms,

" And bring the lover to my arms.

" Tell her, if on her cheek by day,

" She dare the noxious poiſon lay,

" My beams ſhot fervid from the ſkies,

" Shall melt at once the mean diſguiſe,

" Shall ſtrip her of her borrow'd bloom,

" While pale as ſpectres from the tomb;

" That form which ſet each ſoul on fire,

" With horror ſhall each ſoul inſpire.

" Tell

" Tell her" — when lo! in ſable dreſt,
Two females to his preſence preſt;
Replete with charms, like *Barry*, one;
The other, equall'd *Abington*.

Humbly they kneel'd, and thus they pray'd,
" We come, O ſire, to crave thy aid;
" The ſorrows we at preſent ſhare,
" Too mighty are for us to bear;
" With pity then behold our grief,
" And graciouſly afford relief."

" One at a time, Apollo ſaid,
" Together you diſtract my head;
" Nor Gods, nor men, delight to hear
" Two weeping beauties, in their ear."

The graveſt then herſelf ſhe preferr'd,

The godhead with attention heard.

" In ocean's boſom lies an *iſle*,

" On which thou often deign'ſt to ſmile;

" Whoſe cities all ſuperbly riſe,

" On every wond'ring ſtranger's eyes,

" Whoſe ſons in arms, with honor crown'd,

" Oft ſhake with fear the nations round.

" Whoſe daughters, fairer than the morn,

" Have ſtill the prize of beauty born;

" Where hill, and grove, and purling ſtream,

" Afford the muſe a conſtant theme.

" 'Tis *there*, the ſeat of arts and taſte,

" Our love is on a *mortal* plac'd;

" To charm the heart with magic mirth,

" And give to jocund laughter birth,

" My ſiſter gave *him* full command,

" And bade *him* ſtill unrivall'd ſtand;

" I taught *him* how the breaſt to move,

" By rage, by jealouſy, and love,

" And gave *him* ſcope without controul,

" To melt, by deep diſtreſs, the ſoul.

" But what avails our labours join'd,

" With ſcience to enrich *his* mind;

" If pale and languiſhing diſeaſe,

" Deprives *him* of the power to pleaſe?

Apollo wip'd their tearful eyes,

And ſaid, " Melpomone ariſe,

" Thalia

" Thalia riſe, and jointly prove,
" How greatly you poſſeſs my love."

To me he ſaid, " Fly ſwift and bear,
" Thy influence through the fields of air;
" Fly, Sanitas, this *mortal* find,
" Re-animate and cheer *his* mind:
" Reſtore *his* priſtine health and ſtrength,
" And give *his* days a happy length!
" Bid *him* in *Luſignan* and *Lear*,
" Call forth from every eye the tear.
" In *Leon*, *Benedick*, and *Bayes*,
" Continual peals of laughter raiſe;
" And let his face, as wont impart,
" The ſtrong conceptions of *his* heart.

" But

" But ſee, the morning ſtar retires,
" Nor longer boaſts his borrow'd fires:
" Yon motley group of human apes *
" Aſſume again their proper ſhapes:
" The ſpecious ALDERMAN undreſs'd,
" A public ROBBER ſtands confeſt.
" Diveſted of his gown and band,
" Behold the PRIEST a traitor ſtand;
" Unbluſhing to the face of morn,
" How different *theſe* to WILKES and HORN.
" The Sultaneſs, who brightly ſhone
" In pearls and jewels not her own,

* We ſuppoſe Apollo, by this deſcription, means a modern maſquerade.

" Sinks down, O ſad reverſe of life!
" Down to the humble trader's wife.

" The Dowager, advanc'd in years,
" Again a Dowager appears;
" Strip'd of the maſk of gay fifteen,
" The wrinkles of threeſcore are ſeen:
" While M—— charms forbid to blaze,
" Break forth with unreſiſted rays.

" The jockey and the gambling knave,
" The bachanalian and the ſlave,
" No longer by their maſks conceal'd,
" Stand *virtuous* ſenators reveal'd:
" And raſcals of the deepeſt tinge,
" Who every ſacred law infringe,

" Deteſted both by gods and men,
" Appear in *ſtatu quo* again.

" Now he who had aſſum'd the guiſe,
" Of C-mb-rl--d, the good and wiſe;
" Struck by the flaſh of G—ſv—r's eye,
" Is forc'd precipitate to fly.

" While B——y, anxious to proclaim,
" Purſuits alone of virtuous fame,
" Shall decorate his future life,
" Follows, and offers him his w—e.

" The Courtezan, who, through the night,
" Offended each beholder's ſight;
" Who, firſt a Count, and next a Groom,
" Attracted to ſome private room,

" Aſſumes

" Assumes (while virtue pours the tear)
" The beauteous form of L-g-n--r.

" Gray Letch'ry now, with palsy'd head,
" From whom the fire of youth is fled,
" Uncover'd stands, devoid of shame,
" In hoary F—lm——th's saplefs frame!
" While wither'd H—sl——g, first of rakes,
" In all his infamy partakes.

" But see where Luna, while I speak,
" Turns pallid as the coward's cheek;
" My steeds impatient wait 'till they
" Rush through the portals of the day.

" I to

" I to my uſual taſk muſt go,

" To light the giddy world below.

" At my approach th' aſſaſſin's knife,

" Drawn out againſt the good man's life,

" Into the ſheath is quickly ſent,

" And ſtays it's infamous intent.

" The Gameſter, of all men accurſt,

" Whoſe trade of every trade's the worſt,

" Plays on, regardleſs of my light,

" From morn till noon, from noon 'till night;

" Nor ceaſes, 'till ſome luckleſs throw,

" Involves him in the deepeſt woe.

" So through the ſtorm, with hopes and fears,

" The Mariner his veſſel ſteers,

" 'Till rolling on, ſome mighty wave,
" O'erwhelms him in an aqueous grave.

" The pious matron, and the ſage,
" Replete with rectitude and age;
" The wife of Prudence, and the maid,
" Unpractic'd yet in Folly's trade;
" The noble and expanſive ſoul,
" Who fixes honor for his goal;
" All wake from pleaſing happy dreams,
" Ariſe and hail my genial beams.

" Theſe, from themſelves receive the meed,
" Attendant on each righteous deed,
" Receive untinctur'd with alloy,
" That heart-felt unremitting joy,

" Which virtue only can beſtow,
" And which the virtuous only know."

This ſaid, he inſtantly withdrew,
Quick to his flaming chariot flew,
With glory uſher'd in the day,
And chas'd the ſhades of night away.

Melpomone, who ne'er 'till now,
Relax'd the rigour of her brow,
Her tongue incapable to move,
Look'd up with gratitude and love.

Thalia, whoſe reſplendent eyes,
Had ſtruggled through her tears to riſe
Like morning ſun's when vernal ſhowers,
Obſcure their vivifying powers,

By joy ineffable, expreſt,
The grateful feelings of her breaſt.

Now both remount their faithful hack,
Fly, thankful, to Parnaſſus back;
Aſcend the hill, their tale rehearſe,
And praiſe the God in tuneful verſe.

Swift as the piercing lightning flies,
Or meteor's dart along the ſkies,
I, from the orient, wing'd my flight,
Conducted by a beam of light,
And, lo! I come in all my charms,
O! GARRICK take me to thy arms.

F I N I S.

BRITISH MUSEUM